

Bacon Brothers, It's A Rocky Road

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL BACON

It's a rocky road down Ida's farm
Past the sticks and stones
And names that harm
They don't like her rooster crowing
Cows and flies and weeds are a growing
It's a rocky road
Down Ida's farm

It's a rocky road
Down Bankie's dune
Made of memories and bits of moon
Here they come with a zillion dollars
Crowds of tourists soon to follow
It's a rocky road
Down Bankie's dune

From the hills of Pennsylvania
She fights to hold her ground
To the white sands of Anguilla
He still hears the sound
Of music made for no reason at all

It's a rocky road
Down 9th Avenue
Past the sea of cars
And fields of fume
That old guitar is never played
Full of songs never made
It's a rocky road
Down 9th Avenue
It's a rocky road